

# Glass, Concrete and Stone

David Byrne

Now, I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn  
To send a little money home from here to the moon  
Is risin' like a discotheque  
And now my bags are down and packed for traveling Lookin' at happiness, keepin' my flavor fresh  
Nobody knows I guess, how far I'll go, I know  
So I'm leavin' at six O' clock, meet in a parkin' lot  
Harriet Hendershot, sunglasses on, she waits by this Glass and concrete and stone  
It is just a house, not a home Skin that covers me from head to toe  
Except a couple tiny holes and openings  
Where the city's blowin' in and out  
And this is what it's all about, delightfully Everything's possible when you're an animal  
Not inconceivable, how things can change, I know  
So I'm puttin' on aftershave, nothing is out of place  
Gonna be on my way, try to pretend, it's not only Glass and concrete and stone  
And it's just a house, not a home And it's glass and concrete and stone  
It is just a house, not a home  
And my head is fifty feet high  
Let my body and soul be my guide

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